The Trumpets sound. *Dumbe show followes.*

Enter a King and a Queene, the Queene embracing him, and he her, he takes her vp, and declines his head vppon her necke, he lies him downe vpon a bancke of flowers, she seeing him a sleepe, leaues him: anon comes in an other man, takes off his crowne, kisses it, pours poyson in the sleepers eares, and leaues him: the Queene returnes, finds the King dead, makes passionate action, the poysoner with some three or foure comes in againe, seeme to condole with her, the dead body is carried away, the poisoner woes the Queene with gifts, she seemes harsh awhile, but in the end accepts loue.

Oph. What meanes this my Lord?
Ham. Marry tis munching *Mallico*, it meanes mischiefe.
Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play.
Ham. We shall know by this fellow, *Enter prologue.*
The players cannot keepe they'le tell all.
Ophe. Will a tell us what this show meant?
Ham. I or any show that you will show him, be not you asham'd to show heele not shame to tell you what it meanes.
Oph. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the play.
Prologue. For vs and for our Tragedie,
Heere stooping to your clemencie,
We begge your hearing patiently.
Ham. Is this a Prologue or the posie of a ring?
Ophe. Tis breefe my Lord.
Ham. As womans loue.

Enter King and Queene.

King. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus* Cart gone round
Neptunes salt wash, and *Tellus* orb'd the ground,
And thirty dozen moones with borrowed sheene
About the world haue times twelue thirties beene
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall in most sacred bands.
Quee. So many iourneyes may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count ere ere loue bee doone,
But woe is me you are so sicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your former state,
That I distrust you, yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you my Lord it nothing must.

For women feare too much, euen as they loue,
And womens feare and loue hold quantity,
Either none, in neither ought, or in extremity,
Now what my Lord is proofe hath made you know,
And as my loue is ciz'ft, my feare is so,
Where loue is great, the litleſt doubts are feare,
Where little feares grow great, great loue growes there.
King. Faith I must leaue thee loue, and shortly to,
My operant powers their functions leaue to do,
And thou shalt liue in this fare world behind,
Honord, belou'd, and haply one as kind,
For husband shalt thou.
Quee. O confound the rest.
Such loue must needes be treason in my breſt,
In second husband let me be accurſt,
None wed the second, but who kild the first. *Ham.* That's
The instances that second marriage moue wormwood
Are base respects of thrift, but none of loue,
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.
King. I doe beleeue you thinke what now you speake,
But what we doe determine, oft we breake,
Purpose is but the slaue to memory,
Of violent birth, but poore validity,
Which now the fruite vnripe sticks on the tree,
But fall vnshaken when they mellow bee.
Most necessary tis that we forget
To pay our selues what to our selues is debt,
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose,
The violence of either, griefe, or ioy,
Their owne enactures with themselues destroy,
Where ioy most reuels, griefe doth most lament,
Greefe ioy, ioy griefes, on slender accident,
This world is not for aye, nor tis not strange,
That euen our loues should with our fortunes change,
For tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether loue lead fortune, or else fortune loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourite flies,